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OR,

A Phyſical Rhapſody.

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ΠΡΟ-ΨΥΧΩΔΙΑ:

OR,

A Physical Rhapsody.

ΙΗΤΡΟ-ΡΑΨΩΔΙΑ:

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OR,

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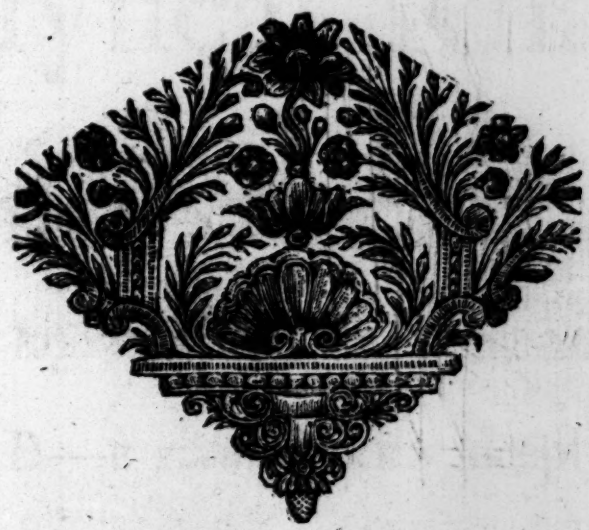
8

A Physical Rhapsody.

——————— Ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat?



LONDON:

ΙΗΤΡΟ-ΓΑΨΩΔΙΑ·

OR

A Physical Metaphor.

LONDON

ΙΗΤΡΟ-ΡΑΨΩΔΙΑ:

OR,

A Physical Rhapsody.

SHOULD N—T, CH—Y, or a H—E pretend
To know as much as HEBBERDEN or FREIND,
Or B—E rival ASKEW deeply read,
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Fellows * mad?

---

* This Word is not to be taken in a despicable Sense, some of the College Members being

Phyſick, like Poetry, from Nature draws,
Her juſt Concluſions, and unerring Laws —
Genius muſt too her willing Help diſpenſe,
For Want of Genius, here, is Want of Senſe.

Impartial Nature not her Gifts denies,
Learning improves, but Judgment makes us wiſe —
Thus various Men, in various Arts ſucceed;
In Law a HARDWICKE, and in Phyſick MEAD.

Your Studies to your Inclinations ſuit,
For not all Soils produce the ſelf ſame Fruit;

In vain 'gainſt Wind and Tide, we try the Oar,
And ſtretch laborious for the diſtant Shore.

Your Thoughts attentive thro' each Page direct,
Abſence in reading is downright Neglect.
The well digeſted Labours of the Mind,
Reaſon ſhall ſtrengthen, and Experience bind:
The Pedant is a heavy motley Fool,
And ſerves like *Andrew*'s Coat for Ridicule.
Sound Learning, like a mighty River ſtrong,
Moves with a ſlow majeſtic Tide along;
But when the Billows reach the *ſhallow* Shore,
They gather to a foam, and burſt with hideous roar.

Behold Philoſophy propitious ſmiles;
Your Task how eaſy, and how ſweet your Toils!
Nature not fine-ſpun Syſtems will impart
(The Froth of Learning, and the Fringe of Art)
But lay her Treaſures open to your View,
And teach you only what is *juſt* and *true*.

Commune with Books—and here with Caution chuſe,
Few beſt improve, and *Numbers* but confuſe:
Attentive learn the COAN's ſacred Page,
Conſider well the CAPPADOCIAN Sage:
Nor leſs the laboured Works of GALEN pleaſe,

Tho' laſt remember'd, not in Science leaſt,
Read the great Doctors of the learned East.

Immortal Sydenham and Lommius too
Diſeaſe, thro' every Stage, from Nature drew;
Heaven-taught Bonetus, mighty Genius, read
And trac'd his happy Knowledge from the Dead.
Salubrious Dictates flow from Boerhaave's Pen,
Induſtrious, honeſt, venerable Man!

Inſtructive Reading, Practice muſt ſuſtain,
All Study elſe is intricate and vain:
The noble Manſions of the Sick and Lame,
Will lead ſecurely to the Gates of Fame.

Here cloſe ſurvey Diſeaſe's gloomy Maze,
And follow Nature thro' her ſecret Ways,
Conſider Man in all his wretched State,
And learn to ſave him from impending Fate —
Attentive thus to Symptoms and their Cauſe,
You ſure ſhall merit popular Applauſe.

HIPPOCRATES (and oh! he wrote inſpir'd
Taught by all Ages, and by all admir'd!)
This heavenly Leſſon left the *Sons* of *Art*,
Be modeſt, moral, ſolid, pure of Heart,
Gay, not loquacious, and polite with Eaſe;

Is N—T ſolid, B—E pure of Heart?

— Loquacious B—E acts a double Part —

Is B—NE or modeſt, or polite with Eaſe,

And is poor H—E not greedy after Fees?

For what is now the Knowledge of *that* RACE,

But ſtupid Foppery, and dull Grimace?

Behold the ſolemn Band, at *Batſon*'s met,

How ſtrong their Coffee, and how vague their Chat!

The well glaz'd Tube officious *Peter* hands,

And with the lighted Taper ready ſtands,

While Baſhaw like they puff the curling Fume,

And Smoke, and Noiſe, and Nonſenſe fill the Room.

Say, Virgin Muſe, What Changes late were made,
The preſent Art, and Ignorance betray'd.
Great were the Changes made, and far advanc'd,
And each new Compoſition's Worth enhanc'd —
The dull *Committee*, by their *Goddeſs* choſe,
Now fix each Drug, it's Virtue, and it's Doſe,
(*Phœbus* on them his dreadful Rage had ſent,
And given them *W*— for a Preſident)
Of Words long uſed to mutilate the Senſe,
They but diſtort, and coin new Elegance.

Not more the School-Boy to obtain Eſteem,

Well pleas'd on each gigantic Word he dwells,
And Phraſe of empty Sound the pregnant Sentence ſwells.
Of *Weights* and *Meaſures* eloquent they write,
And wiſely teach their Brethren to indite *;
From Shop to Shop ridiculouſly trudge,
And thoſe they ſhould direct, they make their Judge †.

---

* Theſe Gentlemen have even condeſcended ſo low as unneceſſary literary Criticiſms, what Authority have they for their *Julepum*, *Electarium*, &c. theſe are ſurprizing Reformations!

† Very proper People truly to be choſen for ſo great a Purpoſe, as the new modelling of a Diſpenſatory; ſo ignorant were *ſome* of *them* of the Buſineſs, that they were obliged to have recourſe to, and conſult with, *Apothecaries* about the *Pharmacopœia*.—— They had much better have beat the Mortar, and attended the Stills for ſome Time, than have expoſed their conſummate Ignorance to a Set of Men, who at beſt are not Well-wiſhers to the Faculty.

As in a ſpacious Hall with Black o'erſpread,
Where waves the Plumage on the ſable Bed,
With all the vain Atchievements of the Dead;
Where waxen Tapers throw their ſilver Light,
Still adding Horror to the Gloom of Night,
No Buzz is heard ——
So here all paus'd, and ſilent as the Tomb,
Attend the Goddeſs to pronounce their Doom —
Supine ſhe nods upon her ebon Throne,
Well pleas'd to ſee her *Offspring* num'rous grown —
Her leaden Temples Wreaths of Cypreſs grace,
And aukward Wiſdom's printed on her Face.

Cloſe at her Side her fav'rite *Son* attends,

*Saturnian** N—T, and her Right defends.—

Next in the Pomp of his vain Office dreſt,

Behold where *learned* W— ſtands confeſt—

His *Cenſors* and *Electors* round him wait,

A ſcarlet Pageantry, and ſolemn State!

'Once more we 're met, my *darling Children*, here

'To treat of Matters which concern us near:

'My N—T much this wiſh'd-for Meeting preſs'd,

'And calls for Grievances to be redreſs'd—

'His Practice is ſo eaſy and—ſo trite,

'Nurſes begin to read—what *he can* write.

---

* This Epithet is applicable, becauſe of the great Influence that Planet has over the

They claim Attention — thou my honour'd Son,
B—R ſpeak firſt — What is't you would have done?

Long have you, Goddeſs, heard my ardent Vows,
And with your Honours circum-ſcrib'd my Brows,
Twice twenty Years have I your Laws obey'd,
And ne'er the Secrets of our Art betray'd,
But, as I ought, wrote beſt — as I was — paid;
Midwives and you did e'er my Practice crown,
And I was long the Darling of the Town —
But now, ſince hoary Age comes on apace
And raiſes furrow'd Wrinkles on my Face —
Be here tranſcrib'd the *Recipes* I wrote,
My *Recipes* ſhall C—LE and N—T quote!

'MOR—EY and HAN—DE when Females groan,
'My *Bills* ſhall read, and make my *Bills* their own!

'What Combatants are theſe! ah! D—CE and L—!
'Put up your Weapons, *Doctors*, and agree.
'Agree! th' *Oxonian* ſaid, and ſhook his Pen,
'I'll make this Varlet eat his Words again,
'I'll make!'—Unbridled Paſſion on his Cheek
Began to redden, and he ſcarce cou'd ſpeak.—

The *Turkey* thus I've ſeen elate with Pride,
Extend the feather'd Pinions of his Side,
Or inſolently ſtalk the Av'ry round,
[illegible] uncontroul'd of all the neighb'ring Ground;

Gabbling with Rage behold unſightly red,
And ſwell the *ſcarlet Honours* of his Head.
* So *L*— when thus the *Doctor* he addreſs'd,
Pride, Rage, Diſdain, yet boiling in his Breaſt.
' Of *Dulneſs* Offspring thou and *Ignorance*,
' Whom PHOEBUS nor the MUSES influence;
' How dar'ſt thou vilify a Tongue unknown,
' When ſcarce thou read'ſt ſufficient of thy own!
' Fencing (a treacherous Art) beſt ſuits thy Wriſt,
' Employ the *Quarter-ſtaff* or brawny Fiſt †.

---

* This Quarrel, it ſeems, was owing to D——CE's petitioning DULLNESS and her *Committee* to have Preſcriptions for the future wrote in *Engliſh*, it was imagin'd B——R would have made the Motion —— but he was adviſed to give Mr FR—IS the Opportunity ——

† Mr D——CE prides himſelf much upon his great Skill in theſe Sciences ——

'Muſt I, ſo fam'd for Elegance of Stile,
'(Witneſs each 'Pothecary's duſty File)
'On whoſe Preſcription each Apprentice pores,
'And as a ſecond CICERO adores;
'Muſt I, to *Engliſh* yield my *Latin*—! no!
'Thou D—CE ſhalſt ſooner Impudence forego;
'Sooner ſhall N—SE turn Soldier, N—T wiſe,
'Or H—SE refuſe his Fee, and tell no L—s.
'Much ſooner B—R ſhall each ſickly Elf,
'Become as *good a Doctor* as YOURSELF!
'The Paths of Honour LEATHERLAND forſake,
'Or modeſt B——Y forget to rake.
'*Electric* Knick-knacks be forgot by F—KE,
'And B—IE. *Sage profound*, lay by his Greek!'

He ſaid, and frown'd — D–ce ſwell'd with kindling Ire,
And ſneak'd off growling at the learned Sire.

Grey Evening now withdrew her glimmering Light,
And faintly vaniſh'd at th' Approach of Night;
The *Chiefs* retir'd with the Day's Feud perplext,
Big with the mighty Bus'neſs of the next.

At length, *Aurora* gilds the mountain Heads,
And the keen Sportſmen quit their downy Beds;
The deep-tun'd Horn the well known Summons ſounds,
Gladdens the Field, and chears the yelping Hounds;
The ruddy Milk-maid trips the Plain along,
And hails the Morning with her early Song:

Gently ſhe ſtrokes, and milks her ſweet-breath'd Cows,
And happy *Roger* whiſtles, as he plows —
Brisk *Betty* trundles dextrouſly her Mop,
And the pert City 'Prentice ſcrapes his Shop;
From Brothel Home the Debauché repairs,
And old ſtale Maids to *Covent-Garden* Prayers.

Again convoqu'd, the grave Committee ſit,
Firſt N—T came, then C——CY, happy Wit!
Next the dull *Norfolk Knight* with haughty Leer,
And friſking B—IE pertly grac'd the Rear.
The Goddeſs ſmil'd — compleat we now the Plan,
She cried, by you approv'd, and P——ON began —

When P——ON; 'Oh! mark my Skill and Art,

'You all muſt own I've done the Chymiſt's Part.

'Not ſo the *Bridegroom* waits the coming Light,

'Nor pants the *Bride* more fondly for the Night,

'Than I, dear Goddeſs, for this happy Day;

'My Knowledge I, do you, your Power diſplay.

'In vain I courted Slumber to my Bed,

'Sleep, gentle Nymph, and ſoft Repoſe were fled;

'The Night how tedious to my waking Eye—

'Tho' I the Pow'r of ſtrong *Narcoticks* try;

'Nor would my *View* * beneath my Pillow laid,

'Which gives to all, afford me kindly Aid;

---

* Publiſhed ſome Years ſince by Subſcription, *Geſtit enim Nummum in Loculos demittere.*

'Till this important *Now* — your great Beheſt,
Obedient I attend — and do my beſt —
Muſty *Diſpenſatories* I have read,
And ranſack'd all the Writings of the Dead:
Nothing uncommon there my Notice ſcap'd,
And each odd Compoſition I've reſhap'd.
Even now thro' my *Alembic* Vapours riſe,
(And here convuls'd he roll'd about his Eyes)
Already glows the *Matraſs* at my Will,
And the quick Spirit riſes in my *Still.*'

What deep Inſtruction from their Labour flows!
Even *Barley Water* now momentous grows!

Superior Knowledge our wiſe *Doctors* boaſt,
Rhubarb with *weighty Gravity they* TOAST!
Black Cherry Water erſt ſo pleaſant deem'd,
Is now a *pois'nous Vehicle* eſteem'd —!
Pure Element * they give the *cunning Elves!*
And keep the Juice of *Claret* to themſelves!
Are theſe, oh! ſay the mighty Honours claim'd,
Theſe the great Cares of Men for Knowledge fam'd?
'What, is our Science perfect?' no, — but then
Redreſs with Judgment, and correct like Men.

Our Laws myſterious, and our Art Divine,
By *Phœbus* cheriſh'd, and the Virgin *Nine*;

Shou'd not like Faſhions change, the Whim of Fools,
The Sport of Syſtem, or the Trick of Schools.

Alas! our modern mercenary Tribe,
But ſcarce obſerve their Patient — and preſcribe —
For who can ſpend his Time and tamely wait,
To hear the ſick Man's Tale, or Nurſe's Chat?
No *Doctor* then would have it in his Power
To ſee above — two Patients — in an Hour!
No more wou'd ſwell th' Apothecary's Bill,
With nauſeous Bole, pearl Julep, gilded Pill,
Cardiac Drops or Mixtures ſwallow'd down,
And *ter in Die* Draughts — each — half a Crown.

Not GALEN thus nor ARETÆUS thought,
The Health and Welfare of Mankind they ſought,
Diſeaſe with painful Induſtry explor'd,
Nor took from *Art*, while Nature cou'd afford.
Such ſweet Variety of Herbs and Fruits,
Balſamic Flowers, and ſalutary Roots.
The tortur'd Fire, no dang'rous Drugs prepar'd,
Thus well the *Doctor* and his Patient far'd.
But now — not Conſcience is the *Doctor*'s Boaſt,
He's *beſt* and *greateſt* — *that can get the moſt* —
Who rolls from Street to Street in Chariot gay,
And *only* gets his *Twenty Pound!* — a Day. —

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM